

To the Slaughter

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To the Slaughter

by [notthekindwithhalos](#)

Summary

A car accident leaves a young Will orphaned and mute. Hannibal is intrigued by the case, which is dumped on him very last minute, and does his Hannibal thing.

Notes

This is definitely going to be more of a mentor/ mentee relationship eventually, just cause I would feel weird writing under age, so sorry. Also I'm not American, and so don't know if all the police stuff is 100% accurate, so I've kept it as vague as possible. Sorry for any gross inaccuracies.

Chapter 1

The car pulled up on Doctor Lecter's driveway at eight minutes past eleven. They were late, although looking at the car Lecter suspected the owner was used to being late. It was a family car, belonging to a young woman who often worked overtime. She probably took the extra hours to help make ends meet. Two children, and an absent father. Such an uninteresting person was all too easy to categorise and dismiss. What he was interested in was the case she brought with her.

The call had come in at nine on the dot. Lecter was used to emergency appointments, although normally it was a patient in distress, not the social services. The boy had been referred to him from the sheriff's deputy, whom he owed a favour. He had made it particularly clear that he did not usually work with children, but the boy needed a psych evaluation before they could transfer him to a care family, and the usual doctor was on leave.

"Please Doctor Lecter, there's no one available until Thursday, and we can't keep him here that long. He needs some stability after what he's been through."

The words rang in his ears. Granted, the deputy had helped him clear up a particularly messy case with a patient's 'suicide' a year ago, and he had worked with children as part of his training. But it was the suddenness of the situation which intrigued him. He rarely got called by the police department. He watched the car park from the window and a woman got out the front. She opened the rear door, crouched for a moment, and helped the child out of the seat. He couldn't have been much older than ten, and he stared at the ground as the woman led him up the driveway.

Will Graham sat in the back seat of the car, staring out the window. He could not describe what was going through his head at that time, only the last day had been a whirlwind of activity. It seemed wrong, that so much could change in such a small amount of time. As the lady from the hospital opened the rear door, he could make out the imposing structure of the house he was going to. He had totally forgotten why they had come here, but at the same time felt almost indifferent to it. The woman fussed over his seatbelt, unbuckling it and letting him out of the car. He resented her bustling. She kept fussing over him, as if he was a baby, even though he was almost twelve. He'd heard what she said to the doctor about him, that he was *traumatised*, and *needed more time to process the incident*, and *might display symptoms of PTSD*. He wasn't entirely sure what that last one meant, but he still hated that she was constantly hovering over him as if he was going to break at any moment.

"Now Will, this is Doctor Lecter's house. He's going to have a chat with you to make sure you're alright, okay?"

Will said nothing, and let her lead him up to the front door.

The doorbell rang, and Lecter hesitated a moment before answering. He smiled coldly at the woman who was juggling a case file, a handbag, a mobile and the boy's hand.

“Oh dear, we’re so sorry we’re late, the traffic was simply dreadful on the way.” She patted the boy’s head fondly, and handed over the files. “Will here’s been really good on the way, though. Didn’t complain once, did you?” She again fussed over the child’s hair, trying to arrange the curls into a semblance of neatness.

“That will be all then, Mrs...?” Lecter took the case notes in one hand and gestured to the child to come in.

“Bloom, but please, call me Alana,” She reached out to shake his hand with a smile, then lowered her voice “Good luck with him, Dr Lecter, he hasn’t said a word since, well...” She gestured to the case file with a smile and a high pitched laugh, and Lecter was beginning to wonder if maniacal smiling was just her default expression, and if her saccharine personality would match her flesh.

“Thank you Mrs Bloom” He kept his voice neutral, and took a step into the house, pausing to make sure the young boy was following.

“Now be good for Mr Lecter, won’t you Will? And I’ll be back at one to pick you up, okay? We can go get something nice for lunch, won’t that be nice?” She tugged at Will’s shirt, and Will wanted to recoil from her touch.

Finally it was over and he entered the house. It was big and kind of scary, with the tall stair cases and the old fireplace with stone monsters on. It felt big and empty, and Will didn’t like it. He eyed the stone monsters as they walked past, as if to make sure they didn’t follow. Doctor Lecter led him into a room with floor to ceiling bookshelves, and a few paintings hung on the walls. Will had noticed the slight accent in the man’s voice, and briefly wondered where he came from. He knew little about décor, but recognised the European style of furnishing from the times his parents would take him antiquing. The room, whilst alien managed to feel slightly familiar at the same time, the same way a mirror distorts a well know scene into a foreign environment.

“Wait here please, Will.” Doctor Lecter said, before he left through another door.

This room was nicer, it was less intimidating and there were no stone monsters here. Will felt relieved, even though he knew they weren’t real. He remembered his father once telling him about them: “Gargoyles, Will, they’re called gargoyles. Do you know why people used to build them?” Will had shaken his head. “They scare away the real monsters, to stop evil going near the buildings.” Will wondered if the stone gargoyles on the fireplace scared away the monsters here. Maybe it was safe after all.

Hannibal Lecter sat at the old mahogany desk in his office with the unopened case file in front of him. The boy was unusual: he would say that much. He recalled Mrs Bloom’s words about the boy’s silence, no doubt the result of some trauma, however he recognised a sharp intelligence, a curiosity in the boy’s manner as he entered the house. It was unlikely that the boy could not speak; rather that he would not speak. There was one thing he could be certain of: if he let him go the young Mr Graham would be referred on to some inadequate speech and language therapist, put into care, and lost to the system forever. That would not do. His interest had been piqued, and the case was now his. Doctor Lecter wet his fingers and opened the file.

Will walked slowly around the room Doctor Lecter had left him in. The bookshelves were filled with old and weird books, with fabric covers and worn out spines. He scanned a few, and picked out a couple of titles. *New Practices in the Development of Cognitive Research. Abnormal Psychology Vol. 25*. They all sounded pretty boring, and Will wondered if Doctor Lecter had read all of them. He let his fingers run across the spines and moved over to examine a painting of a ship in a storm. The sailors all looked surprisingly calm, and Will thought if he concentrated enough, he could almost hear the crashing of the waves onto the boat.

“It is a lovely painting, isn’t it?” Will jumped: he hadn’t noticed the doctor’s entrance. “A fine piece, but sadly only a replica of a stolen work.” The doctor stared at Will as he said this, and Will wondered if he should feel guilty for snooping.

“Come, now.” With that the doctor led him into the office and indicated a chair he could sit on. It was a big squishy armchair, which Will cautiously perched on the edge of. The office matched the waiting room outside, with shelves lining the walls with books, and a fancy looking painting hung opposite the door. When he saw Will was settled, the doctor introduced himself.

“Mr Graham, my name is Doctor Hannibal Lecter. I’m a psychiatrist, and I’ve been asked to evaluate you to create a profile highlighting any behavioural abnormalities following the accident.” The frankness in Doctor Lecter’s voice surprised Will, most of the doctors and nurses he had spoken to always sidestepped the accident, and never told him what they were doing, or why.

Hannibal paused for a moment to evaluate the boy, he was alert, obviously paying attention to what he said, yet remained silent. It would obviously not be that easy, and even if it were Hannibal knew he would have felt disappointed. *All good things to those who wait*. And Hannibal Lecter was very experienced at waiting.

“I understand you haven’t said anything since the paramedics found you. It is quite normal for some people to try to shut out bad experiences, and...” He stopped. He was losing Will’s interest. This was obviously not going to work. “Do you like art?”

The question threw Will, and he slowly nodded his head. He had gone to art exhibitions with his parents, but he guessed that wouldn't happen again now.

“I often find it easier to draw to clear my mind and focus my thoughts. Sometimes when words won’t do, a picture helps. Here.” Hannibal selected a pen and a pad of paper from his immaculately organised desk, and lay them in front of the boy on the coffee table. He then made a show of picking up a book on his desk, and diverting his attention to the reading.

Will wasn’t sure what to make of this. He sat for a moment, not moving. He was wary of the doctor’s intentions, he didn’t want anyone to think he was crazy, but at the same time he felt like the man sitting opposite could be trusted. He picked up the pen, and began to sketch. The motions came naturally, and Will managed to tune out Doctor Lecter’s office until he was fully immersed in his own world. Drawing brought back memories, when he would sit in the study room of his old house, sketching away the afternoons, drawing anything and everything he saw.

So absorbed was Will in his work, he didn't realise Doctor Lecter had stopped reading, and now faced him, patiently waiting for the drawing to be finished.

"May I see?" Doctor Lecter waited until the boy had slowed his hand, and then again for him to pass it over. Whilst untrained, the boy had a good eye for detail. On the paper was a car, driving along in the rain. There were three indistinct figures inside, their faces obscured by darkness, although Hannibal could guess they were the Graham family from the hospital file.

"This is an excellent sketch." Hannibal remarked, "Have you been drawing for long?"

Will nodded his head, and then reached for the paper. Hannibal returned it, and stood.

"Would you like anything to drink, Will? Water? Juice?" The boy shook his head, and Hannibal took the opportunity to quietly slip out of the office to allow Will to continue in peace.

So absorbed in the drawing was Will, he didn't hear Mrs Bloom's return, or the quiet conversation in the kitchen. Hannibal had politely insisted he make tea for the woman, under the guise of allowing Will some more time to finish the picture.

"I'm afraid the case is more complex than I first assumed, and ideally Will needs more sessions to fully evaluate the issue." Hannibal slowly poured the drinks, and carried them to the table.

"Aw shoot," Mrs Bloom sighed, "See if we had a parent or guardian to agree, that would be easy. Sadly there's no record here of a next of kin or a final will and testament. With state funding what it is, well, I couldn't even say where he'll go let alone if they'll let him get regular therapy. The family only just moved here recently, so we're still trying to find someone who he could live with."

"So he will be going into short term foster care?" An idea began to form in Hannibal's mind, and he tried to keep his expression neutral. He was not going to let this case slide from his grasp without finding out what it even was that intrigued him.

"Yeah, although we're still trying to finalise the details on that. It's such short notice and all." She let out an apologetic laugh, as if she were on edge.

"I could take care of the child." He tried to sound nonchalant, "Until next of kin is found, at least."

"Hmm, well I'd have to run it past the heads of office, and get you the appropriate documents, but..." Alana trailed off, lost in thought. At that moment the young Will Graham entered the kitchen, and something in his expression must have swayed her, as she gathered her bag.

"I mean, I can't see why not. Plus it would be a big help if you don't mind?"

"Not at all." Hannibal suppressed a smile at the victory.

After the social worker had left with the boy, Hannibal wandered into his office, lost in thought. There was preparation that needed to be done, he would have to make sure everything went according to his design. Fortunately he had time. He made a few phone calls, cancelling all appointments for that day, and just as he was about to leave the room, the sheet of paper Will had been drawing on caught his eye. He picked it up. Will had made a few additions, the road beneath the car was slick with rain, and the car was rendered in near perfect detail. One point caught his eye in the corner. In those minuscule but shaky letters, Will had spelled out exactly the thing that made Hannibal know this case was his: *Not an accident.*

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

It's short, but I just wanted to get the plot moved along a bit so I can do a more interesting chapter next.

(Waffly author speak for this one's a bit shit, sorry)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Mrs Bloom had taken Will out for lunch to a small café opposite her office, once they had ordered she stepped outside to make a few phone calls, and Will was left sitting at a table. He didn't mind the being alone, he minded that Alana was going to make a fuss about having to leave him alone. The food came, and he picked at it deep in thought. He didn't know what to make of Doctor Lecter. There was something almost predatory in the polite voice, and the way he moved. Every motion was deliberate, precise. But at the same time, he spoke to Will like he considered them equals, and didn't force him into conversing like all the other adults had. He couldn't be that bad, could he? The door opened, and Mrs Bloom returned.

"Well that's all sorted then!" She smiled gently at Will. "We'll go pick you up some things from your home, then we need to make a quick stop off at the office once the paperwork's gone through, and I'll drop you off at Doctor Lecter's." She waited a moment, as if expecting a reply, before turning to the food.

Hannibal Lecter had not felt so invested in a patient in a long time. He knew the boy was going to be perfect, he was definitely sharp, and now he had a burning interest to see what would come of the morning's revelation. After ensuring the house was properly ready, he retreated to the office to review the case notes and make another call.

"Dr Du Maurier speaking."

"Bedelia, it's Lecter" Now he was speaking to her, it was as if he had no idea what to say.

"Lecter, now isn't a good time, I'm late for a meeting. Is it quick?" The phone crackled with static and the sound of distant traffic.

"I will be temporarily looking after a child from social services until a permanent home can be found for him. Can you take some of my appointments whilst he settles in here?"

A pause. "I'll see what I can do." Another beat. "I hope you know what you're doing, Lecter."

"Always."

It was nearly half three when the car pulled up onto the drive for the second time that day. Hannibal wasn't certain whether to be annoyed at the lateness, or relieved at the consistency. After Alana Bloom had left, Hannibal showed Will to the guest room.

"This is your room now, Will. There is a bathroom down the hall, and fresh towels are in the cupboard opposite. The kitchen you saw earlier is at the rear of the house, dinner will be at eight, but if you are hungry let me know, and I will sort something out. There are some books in the lounge you might like if you get bored, and a television too. Feel free to explore the house if you wish, but please do not go into the cellar, unfortunately it has a rodent problem and is unsafe, but I assure you the rest of the house is perfectly fine. I will be in my office if you need anything else, okay?"

Will said nothing, but nodded his head to show he understood. He was thrilled at the idea of being allowed to explore the large house. It felt like a castle, and Will fancied he could see himself a king. Or at least a knight, considering it wasn't really his home. As he unpacked, Will was excited to discover a pad of paper laid on the bedside table, with a set of pens. These he pocketed, his weapons as he went to explore the new place.

It was downstairs that he discovered the cellar door, a new shiny steel affair, matching the near surgical levels of cleanliness of the house. He gently tried the handle, more to see if it would open rather than out of a desire to go downstairs. To his relief it wouldn't budge, and Will felt a twang of guilt for trying. The lounge was the next room to explore, and to get to it Will had to walk past the big stone fireplace from before. This time, however, the gargoyles seemed to welcome him like they now knew each other, and he took a quick break to sketch one with a funny looking nose. Time flew past, as Will decided that if he drew one, it would have been mean to the others to leave them out, so a few hours later he sat with a fully detailed sketch of the fireplace and a growling stomach. An enticing smell drew him into the kitchen, where Doctor Lecter was serving up some food.

"Ah, Will. I was just about to call you, dinner is ready." Hannibal placed the plates on the kitchen table, where two places had been made up. "I thought it would be nicer to eat in here, as the dining room is a bit big for just the two of us. Dig in. It's an old family recipe, a European goulash." He gestured to the food and Will eagerly took a seat. It smelt amazing, and compared to the limp sandwich he had eaten for lunch it was a veritable feast.

After dinner was over, and the plates had been washed, dried, and put away, Will returned to his new room, drained. He carefully put the drawing on the side and got ready for bed. The moment his head hit the pillow, he was asleep.

Hannibal Lecter returned to his office after dinner, and waited until he was sure Will had gone to sleep. The boy had devoured the food, which was a good sign, especially as he did not yet know Hannibal's culinary practices. It would be easier to encourage Will if he already thought he was corrupted. He checked in on the boy, and found him wholly unconscious, at least in part to the mild sedative Hannibal had placed in his drink to ensure he could go about his moonlit tasks without interruption, for he had much work to do.

First port of call was the Graham family's hometown, specifically the records office. It was not an impossibly long drive, but he knew he would not have a lot of time before morning, and he had to return before Will woke. Fortunately they used the exact same outdated

security system as the offices back home. Once he found the correct room- thankfully they were yet to go fully digital- erasing most of the Graham family's details was straightforward enough, and just like that Will Graham no longer had any next of kin.

The drive back felt longer, as the sun began to seep slowly across the horizon, but Hannibal couldn't leave any loose ends. Next was the office of the social services woman, Alana Bloom. He managed to get into her computer after the fourth try (Applesauce was a stupid name for a pet) and withdrew all pending requests for information about Will Graham, and marked the case closed. Getting out of the office proved to be significantly harder than getting in, as a security guard decided them to do his job, and made a round of the office building. The temptation to simply knock him unconscious was there, but that would have created suspicion, so he simply tailed the guard until the exit was clear, taking care to avoid the security cameras until he was in the car again. By this point the birds had started chirping, and Hannibal was aware he was pushing the boundaries of what was safe. Regardless, he felt a sense of elation at the result of the night's work.

Will Graham was *his*.

Chapter End Notes

Ooh wow a second chapter, she actually did it. I want to continue this, so unless everyone comments it's terrible I'll update as and when I write.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Some super minor gore in this, so heads up for the sensitive ones (although why you would read Hannibal fanfic is a mystery to me)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will Graham woke slowly, uncertainly, blinking away the last remnants of sleep from his vision, trying to reconstruct the room around him, to familiarise the unfamiliar light of a foreign environment. As the memories slowly trickled back, the room felt more homely, more his. The little suitcase he had half unpacked the day before lay at the foot of the bed, undisturbed, and the sketchbook sat open on the bedside table. He had opened the case and started to get dressed when he heard footsteps softly approach the door.

A hollow knock preceded a voice. “Will, breakfast is downstairs when you are ready.”

Grabbing the sketchbook, Will hurried downstairs. The gargoyles on the fireplace greeted him at the foot of the stairs, and he waved shyly back. He could almost imagine their voices chattering away. He fancied the one with the funny nose had a high, nasal voice, and he would be asking about the weather today. The one with two faces was louder and wanted to know when breakfast was. A creature with sharpened teeth stretched out lazily, and muttered something rude under its breath. The one with the curved slender tails looked straight at Will and winked, both co-conspirator and watcher, before hissing at the others to be quiet.

The kitchen was a haven of smells that morning, and Will wondered if it would be like this every day. A spread was laid out on the table of bread, cheese, a selection of meats, fruit, and a pitcher of what looked to be fresh juice. Doctor Lecter stood at the counter, busy preparing some dish. The sudden image of Doctor Lecter eating cereal for breakfast popped into Will’s head, and the absurdity nearly made him laugh. The normality of cereal had no place in the kitchen of Doctor Lecter.

The doctor turned as he heard Will’s approach, and he swept what he had been chopping into a dish.

“Ah, good morning Will. I trust you slept well?” Will nodded his head in reply. “Good. Help yourself to breakfast this morning, I am afraid I will be working all morning, but I will only be in my office if you need me. Is that going to be okay?” Will nodded his head again. It didn’t bother him that he was going to be alone, it gave him the perfect opportunity to draw again, and an idea was forming in his head of what he wanted to sketch next.

After breakfast was put away, Hannibal retreated again into his study. It was mostly admin he needed to do: finish some paperwork and file it away, make the occasional phone call, and

read the full case file he had lifted from the police department regarding Will Graham. This one task he deliberately kept until last, even though it kept touching his thoughts. A firm believer in finishing fully one task before another, it took nearly all his restraint to not just go straight to its tempting pages. Finally he was finished. He examined every detail of the file twice over to ensure he hadn't missed anything. To the amateur eye, yes perhaps it could be ruled an accident.

The Graham family were driving back from a party they had attended at a family friend's, and in the dark and the rain, and the fact Mr Graham had consumed approximately one and a half glasses of wine, didn't see a turn in the road until it was too late. Mr Graham had presumably hit the brakes, but the road was icy and they skidded and drove straight into a tree. Case closed. The photos of the crash were pretty gruesome, a tree branch had impaled Mr Graham upon impact, and he would have bled out within a minute. Mrs Graham was less fortunate, and had taken her seatbelt off, perhaps to check on Will in the backseat, or perhaps simple carelessness. She had been thrown through the windscreen, and her body was found over ten meters from the car, at least what was recovered of it. Definitely no open casket funeral for her, looking at the pictures. Will had been fortunate in the backseat. The entire front of the car had crumpled and embraced the tree, but the rear escaped relatively unscathed. However, the crash had not been reported until nearly noon the next day.

Eleven hours Will had been trapped in the car, staring at his father's mangled corpse. When the paramedics finally arrived they had to cut him out of the vehicle's carcass, which likely took another couple of hours on top of that. He was admitted to A&E with minor bruises, scrapes, dehydration and hypothermia. The doctor's wrote off his muteness as being a result of trauma, kept him overnight for observation and discharged him the next day. What was interesting was there was no full report of the damage to the car, and Hannibal wondered what had become of the wreckage. He made a small note in the file to look into where the car had been towed. As he made to put the file away, he noticed the drawing Will had done yesterday. The image was a near perfect replica of the vehicle, at least pre-crash.

That afternoon, Doctor Lecter asked Will into his study. Will sat on the big squishy chair again, and swung his legs in time to the clock.

"Will, do you know why you are here?" Hannibal fixed his gaze on Will, he stopped moving. "Do you remember what you wrote on the picture you drew me yesterday?"

Will glanced at his shoes before responding. He didn't want the doctor to think he was crazy, he knew what he wrote, but the memories were just so... fuzzy. He nodded once, slowly.

"Did someone kill your family?"

Will still didn't meet the doctor's eyes. This was hard. He knew, deep down, what the answer was, but he couldn't tell exactly why. His father always used to go on about *proof*, and how important it was to not accuse anyone without evidence. However, he *knew*, just not how or why. His instincts seemed to trust Doctor Lecter, and he nodded slowly again.

"Do you know who did it?"

Will didn't move, he felt his body freeze up, and his mind went blank. It was like hitting a wall, one that stretched out for miles and miles in every direction. He knew the information was there, behind it, he just couldn't figure out how to get past it.

"Will I want to help you, but for me to do that, you are going to have to be honest."

Will met the doctor's eyes, trying to signal his uncertainty. How could he be honest if he didn't know himself what he knew. He tentatively shrugged once.

"Do you remember anything from the crash?"

Will half shrugged then nodded.

"Can you tell me?"

Will tried to make his mouth form words, he honestly did, but nothing would come out. There was a lump in his throat that seemed to swallow any word before it could escape. Tears pricked at his eyes, and he could feel something surging in his chest. He tried to expel even a single sound, but his lungs betrayed him, it was hopeless.

"Will. Stay with me. You are okay. Remember to breathe."

He took one shaky breath, aware of the sensation that any moment his chest might burst.

"Can you draw it for me?"

Will gripped the sketch pad tightly, his only life raft in the storm about to overcome him. He turned to a fresh page, and began a few tentative marks with the pen. With each motion, the pressure loosened its hold on him, his grip slackened enough that instead of grasping on for dear life he was simply floating, having ridden out the waves.

He looked down at his handiwork. It was exactly as he remembered: he always prided himself on being able to draw extremely well from memory. His mother's advice had rung in his ears: *remember to look at the details, the texture, look for the light and the shadow, look for the spaces, and remember how they all come together.* She had been an art teacher, and on days when he had been ill she had taken him into her work, and let him sit at the back of the classes. Any spare materials were not to be wasted and she let him paint, draw, mould for hours on end. He thought she would be proud of his attention to detail, the light, the colour, the textures, and the spaces, all fitting together to form the image burned into his mind.

Hannibal looked at the image the boy had handed over, after a final look. Will was talented, that was clear. He had better not let that go to waste.

On the page lay the final scene of the night. Moonlight trickled in through broken windows, and shattered glass glistened wetly like diamonds. The front passenger seat was empty, the airbag failed. A slick darkness painted the dashboard in front of it, and a few pieces of skin clung to the glass still standing in its frame. The other seat was still occupied. A tree branch had gone clean through the windscreen, and entangled itself with the airbag whilst more glass clung to its base, as if a stubborn reminder it was still a windscreen. The other end was

likewise entangled in an intricate manner with Mr Graham. Twig and tendons, leaf and skin, branch and sinew. All were married into the most intricate jigsaw puzzle of them all, one that fit perfectly. Man and nature in simplistic harmony. Blood, the blood was everywhere. Splattered across the car in chaotic sprays, puddles, spots, it glimmered wetly in the moonlight, and Hannibal could picture the colour: black, black as eternity. Mr Graham's head lolled limply to one side, facing the viewer, and Hannibal could guess from the angle the spine was snapped. Blood flecked his face like freckles, and a pair of glasses had, almost mockingly, remained intact and upon his narrow face. Both eyes were fixed on the viewer, and the mouth was half open, blood smeared across the teeth and down the chin. This was what Will had been staring at for hours until rescue came.

"Will, did your father tell you anything before he died?"

Will shrugged again, uncertain.

"Do you mind if I keep this drawing?"

Will shook his head, and held his hands out for the book. He deftly tore out the page, and presented it to Hannibal.

Hannibal dismissed Will and the boy ran back into the entrance hallway. He had been fascinated by the fireplace, and Hannibal had seen him animatedly sketching the gargoyles. He let out a deep breath, and placed the drawing on the desk. Will's apparent memory block was an unforeseen set back, not a problem, just... This complicated things. But what would victory be without a battle?

Chapter End Notes

She actually followed through with another chapter! Crazy, I know. I have way too many ideas for this, and way too little time to do it, but hey I can live without a degree. Any feedback is as always appreciated (AKA my ego needs feeding), although I do also love criticism. Also no one is beta reading so apologies for inevitable mistakes. Anyway I'm gonna shut up now cause I got an essay to write.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!